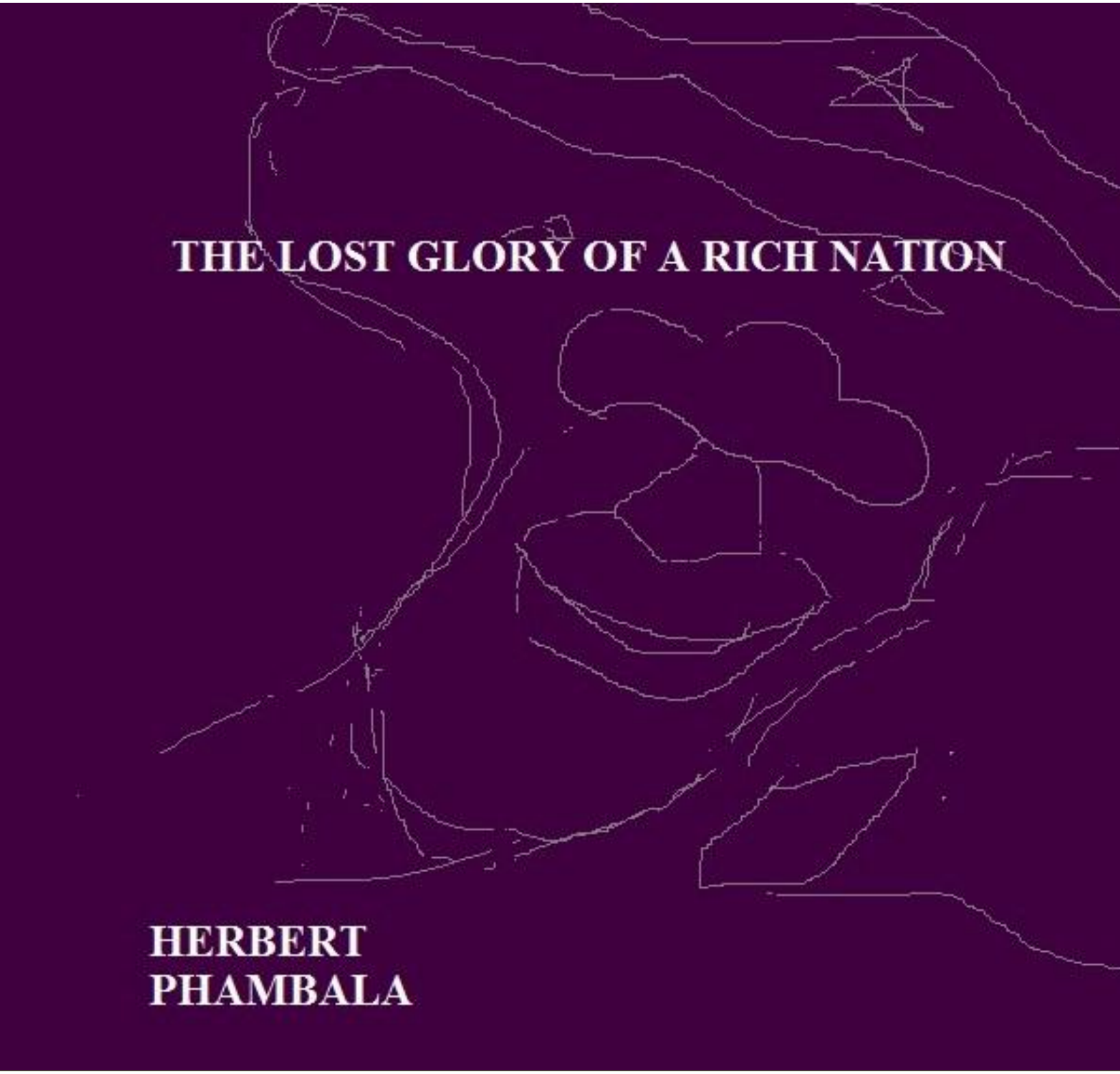
THE LOST GLORY OF A RICH NATION
HERBERT
PHAMBALA

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Dear mother
At times I made you cry
Most of the times you wanted me close
Yet at times you wanted me away but not far away,
You made me laugh when I was young
You make me laugh now still
You sang a lullaby for me to sleep
You knew I was hungry when I could not talk
Oh! Dear mother

We played you and me all day
From you, I learned how to speak
You were there when I was afraid
Afraid of Gule and of darkness
You told me monsters are not real
Terrified my arms were around your neck
You carried me on your back, a sweet song on your lips,
Then to me a peck. With time under your care
I was growing, I grew.

It was a hustle for me to get a bath when I was six
I was a rain cloud every night
And Muhammad Ali when with friends
Playing was my only job
Work irritated me
Didn't see any reason to go to school
A stick in your hand you chased me to school
I remember stealing your relish

Delicious and seducing it was
After my every good and bad
You were and still a loving mother
I love you dear mother…
-HIMH-

**********JACK POT********** 2

Should I call it a game of chance or luck?
That fate bend his sleeves and work?
Predictable corn bears rice when you declare it so
And the scent of ripping rice becomes a mongo grove
What's obviously fur becomes cotton
Your own eyes become your nose
You write and they needed sign language
You read when they needed your writings
You put on black at a Chinese funeral
And pick folks when there is soup on the table
Does fate know when you play?
Then his nose's sharp smells good enough
What market does pass?
You would still goof if you bet
That players will put on boots
Or jerseys and use a ball in football matches
The fools would kick your unmentionables
Wearing safety boots and leather jackets
Or working suits and helmets and
A water melon for a ball
Football Halloween day you would hear them say
Sports betting.

The morning breeze
Breeze blow your blouse
Blouse that covers your bras
Bras that me, arouse
The morning breeze.

It's cold chills my body
Body you do not wish, sharing with nobody
Nobody you'd kill your hands bloody
Bloody for killing that nobody
Who would wish to steal from you my body.

Your teeth bite your lips.
Lips I kiss like I touch your hips
Hips seductive than lips,
Lips my heart upon kissing a beat skips
When your teeth bite your lips.

Your *eyes tells* me a story.
Story familiar like an ice cream lorry
Lorry that brings to us jolly,
Jolly after a day so weary
Your *eyes tells* a familiar a story.

Your breathing changes a bit,
A bit to a rhythm or new beat,
Beat and tempo of ice cream eat.
The eat make the place unkempt not neat
For your breathing changes a bit.

Your wording confuses,
Confuses lamenting for curses.
Curses for pain or sweet *I causes*
Causes caused by uncautious
Uncautious with relish delicious.

The sweet pain is madness.
Madness called goodness
Goodness that bring happiness,
Happiness that chasses sadness
Sadness that leads to loneliness.

Your *eyes tells* a story.
Story I like for a lorry
Lorry comes after that story,
Story of the ice cream eat lorry
Your *eyes tells* a story.
-HIMH-

A little boy in the dark.
Dogs bark he prays for luck,
Should I run on alone carrying a stone?
Looks for a friend but finds none all gone.
After playing the sun shine is seen less and fades,
Then the blue birdy brothers gather together,
And sing softly sang sad sorry story songs
To the little boy in the dark.

Fire flies fly through a thick thorn,
Illuminating what is not clearly seen,
But imagined in the boys head.
A monster that flies no nose big eyes it has.
Hallucinations maybe not or both,
He shivers not with fever but fear of what's near,
Or perhaps what he will hear.
Should I veer he wonders?
A little boy in the dark going home

The night is fat black, tight black deep or high.
To the boy all the trees and bushes at night
The ticking clock, crawling cock, bleating flock,
Hooting owl, one two or four.
Make him run barely knows when he falls,
A boy going back home from playing.

Terrible are the sounds of the night bugs.

Makes him imagine of the end of his life,
He dreads of the way of earth leaving
Or being not among the living.
His heart poses, *his*' blood pumping,
His lungs threatens to explode for his lip biting,
Not much of fear to the waiting beating,
But of the deadly danger down the pale path
His worry is to find himself home,
That he is late is mothers for now.

-HIMH-

**********A Njoka ********** 5

Kuyenda kwanu mkwaamanu,

Kwasiyana ananu ndapotananu.

Sinthani kukadali chisanu,

Tayani mayendedwe anu anjoka ananu.

Wererewerere,khotu khotu, kenako tswere.

Kumalo omwerako bibida kwao kwa mbiya ng'ambe.

Ife tili maso tong'o iwe watikwangwanura m'bado,

Manja aatali watenga mberere yanga ya mpongo.

Poti machitidwe ako ndi a njoka,

Otembenuka mchira usanalowe kubowo,

Kupusitsa ofuna kuiphayo.

Ndinu njoka muudzu inu.

Chiwembu ndiye chanu lero,

Ndiponi kale mkadagomezera.

Mupita kumowa lero ine mpaka kudya mgonero,

Kawiri mfwisuro kawirinso.

Ine pa mphepo ngati ndine mbeta Belita,

Abuwentesese muli Ku zingombingo kumwa ntonjane.

Mudasintha ngati bilimankhwe tonkhwe-tonkhwe,

Machitidwe anu lero ndi anjoka.

Make Biliyati ndapirira kokwanira.

Biliyati adatenga langa dzina,

Koma nkhopeyake ndaunguza kulibe kwathu.

A bengo kwanu komanso anyati,

Safanana Kaye biliyati.

Kamphepo kandipeza poti sikagonera,

Biliyati ndi thukuta la biziwiki bamusi,

Ogulitsa poposi wamuwisi ovala kapusi.

Ndayera mmaso khwakhwananda, zungulira khonde

wasukuluka chizimba chasokonekera,

Ndadziwa kuti ndiwe njoka choka nabetchani.

Amunanga,

Ana anga,

Achinyamata,

Akazanga Anabetchani?

Ndinu anjoka...

-Himh-

********** **NSEU**********

Nseu otakata odutsa onse,tonse, zonse.

Za miyendo, mapirikaniro mpuno mponongolo.

Zonse zova m’mimba buu,kapena tsoo,duluuu!

kokolikokoli ikapamantha gaga akasowa kadaunda madzi,

Nseu otakata onse zonse tonse tidzadutsa.

Kalipo kena kamodzi ka nyonga kopambana dziphona ,

anamatetule mikwang'wang'wa.

Ya nyonga dzitho minyewa, anga aganga nganga ndi chisenga.

Kadutsa nakavumbula namageya otetezedwayo,

Kalipo kena,iko mkoposa wa nyesi mpanda.

Kabwera pang'ono ndi pang'ono mokoma ngati uchi otsalira mchitini pounyambita,

Pomwe udya numwa mwelele mwee chimwemwe.

Pomwe mtima wako ukondwa nukankha mwazi monyang'wa nusimbwa niuti,

Thi.! thi.! Phi.! Pha.! Phi.! duu!

Iwe numwetulira popanda chondwetsa,

Kabwera ndi lake lupanga lokutwa konse kuwiri, mwina kutatu kodi?

Mwaunamatetule kadula ndi ukatswiri mwaluso losiriritsa molilitsa.

Uthenga upita ufala ,aukazitape ndi ukazitule apeza ntchito.

Ena ayimba khelele,khasu,khamisolo akhwepa ako akumphasa akamva

Kuti iwe Biliyati,Bamusi,Bitoni,Buwentesese wapita kumasano masana ano,suwaonano.

Kalipo kena kanyonga, nseu otakata onse,zonse tonse tikuyenda.

Nthawi ndiyo yichita katangale niiti.

“Mbadwo uno uthe udze wina”, kapena, “ ufumuwao ugwe kudze wina.”

NTHAWI ichita ubwino niikukokere iwe Ku yako MINYAMA tsoka lokudikira mosatopa ndi mokhulupiririka. inapangana pang'ono ndi IKO kanyonga,

Ikutengera kwa iko ikukugiligisha helelihelelі.

Iwe kukamwa ng'ambike ndi phwete,

Mutu ife ndi tokoma.

Iyo ikukukankhira kufupi ndi tsiku lako

Lokumana nako iko kadzitho tho, kuthothola iwe ndidzibonyongo mateki awiri iwe Lee phi!

Amayo! apa koma cha uku chatsikira m’musimu.

Chikuyenda nthuni pano chaima,

Ndufuna bwemba umamveka ukupempha,

Ayi ndimati masuku akutchire bwemba akabwera.

Ukatsala madzi amodzi kuti upse nandolo makata iwe napyeri,

Kalipo kena koopsa, konzeka kadzansanga kayandika.

Kuti pomwe kafika udzakalandire nikadabwa mantha ulibe.

Mwina kangadzasinthe maganizo zothibuka iwe ,

Kalipo kena

Mu nseu otakata

Omwe tonse tikuyenda.

-Himh-

**********SON**********7

Be it good or bad or worse than just terrible,
Even when things all are out of control
Cursed or blessed.
Your way being rosy or it be rocky
Thorns smiling at your foot or dust dancing in your eyes.
Even if love is gone or never find one to love.
Son, even when the sun stops shinning your way
When the path is tough but it's one way.
Things stiff rejection home or away,
When it rain stones and blow arrows of HELL fire.

When darkness engulfs you full,
And everyone think you are a fool.
When you have no friends not even two
Like Job, your wife disrespects you too.

Son, when the devil in this Eden disguise
COAX you to shed ocean drops of red.
And terminate one magnitude of breathe,
Times when your face seem to be a sign of disgrace
When you know you have been nice yet
Bad comes to you a reward.

When you smile but get frowns and faces wrinkle
When you get pure hate from your own uncle
And no help from the bishop who on you water sprinkles
Son, when life gets hard on you
And it seem tomorrow won't come.

When hope is gone
When all is gone like it did with Job in a brink.
When you can no more from your cup drink,
When all those women to you no more can wink,
Your once strength is gone and you being weak.

Son do not forget God starts from where you stop.
He has ways of doing that not even His ancient rival can't do
TRUST HIM WHOLLY FOR HE IS WHO HE IS.....

-himh-

********** **INE NDAPITA** **********8

Pamene ine ndapita,
Lirani mokweza ng'wempani mokweza abale,
Swekani mtima ndi chisoni cha mnanu.
Chokhodzoka khodzoke m'mitima yanu
Ine ndili duu, ulendo wanga wachinunu.

Koma pamene ine ndipita,
Dziwani kwanga kwatha
Ndasiya kadaunda madzi
Ndasiya mavuto ndi inunso
Inde zabwino za dziko ndazileka
Koma ndi zovutanso pakati panu

Koma pamenae ine ndapita
Musalingalire kuti moyo wanu watha
Poti mundikwirira ndipo mundiiwara
Nimuyambanso kuseka hehede hulu!
Kuvina monga muja timkachitira limodzi dzana
Mukakhuta ine ndidzakhala mbiri chabe

Koma pamene ine ndipita,
Si nonse apa mukudandaula okhudzidwa inu dziwani,
Ena maso anu nyomi pa nyumba yangayi
Dovu chuu ngati fisi waku Ntcheu-akazanga musamale
Pamene ine ndipita mukhale okonzeka anasi
Moto umalinjika uko kuli tchile thengo mambala.
Ndatsogola poti ulendowu ngwachisisi
Koma pamene ine ndapita.

-HIMH-

“Hallo this night

My name is what you already know.
My voice familiarly familiar
Your ear is what sees from the other side
Greetings and you are feeling good
Every one of you is my friend
You love me so very much like I do
I am you favorite and usual
The songs I’ll play for you are the kind
Your test and choice
We will talk ask of what you are doing
An advert that you’ll dislike but get used
On this my late night shift
Call me for shout outs, to whoever wherever
I am with you lonely in the studio
I chat with you alone laughing alone at the mic
And enjoy the company of No one you
You know me very well but you are to me strangely
Familiar voices of jolly callers, are you,
Proud of what I do or the station?
Am glad am your companion you tune in and listen
And smile and giggle
After My voice lands in your ears
A sweet voice contrary to my appearance
A deep one against my slender body
Often small feminine voice to a gigantic man
I enjoy you like you do too our world fair
Without prejudice upon
First impression like On TV
Our world as fair as heaven not earth
I am proud of you my dearest
From the other side of the mic
Even though I do not know you too

Good morning it’s Monday.”

**********OKONDEDWA**********10

Kaya umandikonda kaya ayi,
Mwina umangonamizira kufuna kundinyenga,
Komatu ine ndimakukonda.
Mtima wanga umagunda limodzi ndi wako
Maso anga amakhetsa limodzi misonzi ndi ako
Manja anga akagwira pa chifuwa chako
Ako amasisita yanga nganga
Mapirikaniro ako amamva zomwe ine ndanena
Ndipo mawu apakamwa pako atsekemera akatera m'chipinda cha mapirikaniro anga
Ndiwe okondedwa wanga wapamtima mpaka imfa ya njiru

Ukatalikira ndimakhala theka
Pakuti palibe wina koma iwe wekha
Ndimakhululuka usanalakwe
Kuti pasakhale angakhale chimodzi chifukwa cholekanitsa ife
Ndimachimwa ndikakuona uli ndi wina
Ndimamupha ndizobonyongo angakhale ndikudziwa ndi mnasi chabe
Iwe ndi wa ine ndekha basi
Nkhope yako imapangitsa yanga kumwetulira
Ndimakukonda poti iwe umaposa momwe ine ndimakukondera
Sanje yako kwa ine ayi ine ndilibe mpang'ono pomwe
Okondedwa

-HIMH-

**********FEES**********11

A fee for this a fee for
That and that
To get education there is one
To talk to someone of significance

And enter the circle of the elite
To believe in God
To worship the Devil
To be rich and famous
To be known by all
To own a jet of your own
And buy an Island in the Caribbean
To be a teacher of the truth
To know the truth and talk it
To tell slavery was never abolished
To leave among a nation
And tell them otherwise
To be a master of a conspiracy
And a head of a gathering
There is a fee
You pay in full
Whether you be fool
Crooked or one who's always true
There is a fee
To marry anyone you love
To eat well and live lavish
To hate or to forgive and hurt
To be kind and harshly unkind to all
Man or beast that roams the world of men
To be a leader to lead and not follow
To follow and not lead
To not a text read
And to know of what is written
On a death certificate
There is a fee to have girls only for kids
There is a price you pay for being loyal
And for being a traitor of your brothers
Your own people when they trust you
Even if you are made into a hero to be by inspired
The truth still flies and you pay your fee
In full not few halves
For being giants or dwarfs
And the sniffs and the chained puffs
The needle and the rounds

The vagabonding and the idleness too
Your being concerned
Even if you do not care what may come
The fool you are or the clever host
For your foolish or wise decision action
You pay an equivalent fee
A fee for a fee for this
A fee for that and what you did
A fee

-HIMH-

**********WINE**********12

For my weary mind and tormented soul,
My heavy heart from the horrors and the sorrows,
Brought about by the strange folks from the great lakes
Pour me some wine.
To wash away my worries and ease my pain
After I lose my gain
And fate hits me again,
When there is no fun,
Wine to wash the food down.
And send a chill down my spine
And make me feel it hit my head for
My eyes to start seeing more beauties in the pub
My brain to sleep when am awake
Make Him ignore some few things or all owes
My cup should overflow
Real red wine worth words of appraisal
Wine within warm walls around conditioned
Deep down deep he must seep
There he should not just sleep
Give him to I should him sip
I won't behave like I was ram, sheep

Or fall full force down into a heap
I know he is not cheap
But I need him after a long trip
Six hundred year of living away
Thorns planted all along my way
Ate with animals hey
From master to master always sway
If I ran them I knew me would slay
I dag and brushed, I carried to tables a tray
I knew no places to wonder astray
If I did I could not delay
For life was nothing, sad not merry.
I need wine for my brain
Should I forgive and forget as Shrine man says
But the world FOOLS do not praise
They deserve what they should be served
We fought and won with help
Would they endure I wonder
It hurts me a lot to remember
Of the timber tree
The chains and the raiders
The blame to the victim the oppressed
Victor judged the case
Justice by Him who dominated
The loser lost twice
And the winner won once more
I need wine
To think of a good way
Of making them pay
They owe me a great fortune
Wine.
-himh-

********** MY MOTHER IN LAW **********13

You were once rejecting john
For years and rains, granaries
As impossible as it is for eyes to see each other
It seemed when you kept on and on

Denying John the lover boy

My mother in law
It was a song to his ears
Sweet on his tongue and jam on his bread
He didn't believe when you said
Yes john oh John your honey man
His half with yours, your love complete
A rain, your belly molded one for him
Then another after another, john the father

My mother in law
Your sweat brought sweet to my life
My wife, the daughter, of John
How beautiful and a caring a darling
She was groomed by the best mother in law
Her heart as pure as a summer sky
She is a love bird she soars the sky high
Her love and mine believe makes life fine
Her kindness cannot be found anywhere else
For she is the only wife out of all these women
My mother in law the mother of my dearest wife,
Daughter of John the lover boy.

Thank you for accepting john
If you had hardened harder your heart
You could have not been my mother in law
Not my wife's mother or my children's grandmother
Violet could have not been named after you
And jolly, joyful, jumping John Junior couldn't exist
Maybe I could have married not or not,
But not with someone gorgeous as my wife

My dear mother in law
Thank you, you said yes
John could have gone mad
Now I am a brother in law
To James and Joseph
An uncle to Mervis and Maness

Am a father to Jennifer and Janeveve
You are the reason why I eat deliciously prepared soups
And stews and vegetables
My nights in winters are warmer
In summers her body looks sweet
In the mornings her smile is healing
You are the reason to my happiness

I fight with the daughter of john at times
Her demanding money when I have none
Children she gave me causing trouble
At school, at home, in the neighborhood, at church
The responsibility on my head
To feed, clothe, love, cherish and nurture
Put shelter on all their big heads
Pay bills of all kind
Some relevant but many useless
Make up, selfie sticks, artificial nails, and Brazilian wigs
The sacrifice I take not to spend
Not even on a shoe for my soren foot
You are the reason why my mother in law
Only if you had said no to John the lover boy
All my problems, maybe not all but most
Could have not been this worse
My mother in law
Thank you for giving birth to a beautiful woman my wife
No human is perfect and she is a human
Our children also since we are
Apple trees give apples and not berries
It all started from John
To me then jolly joyful jumping John junior
Will carry it on to your great, great, grand children
My dearest mother in law.

The once filled hearts are empty,
While one feels betrayed,
And claim was loving.
Then tears roll down cheeks,
With a broken heart,
And unfulfilled sweet promises,
When there is love no more.

Bae is equal to ex.
After the end of every curdling,
Then you forget all your words,
And all dreams and good times you shared.

In the morning you see the one
Physical features, all contours on your X
Then you realize your **X** has a big nose
When it is over it is when you see
That your **X** looks as though wants to smile and cry at once
That their cheeks make you want to laugh
When there is love no more
You shake your head and wonder
"It was love that blinded me," you say to yourself.

When there is love no more
Everything you ignored is said
That his big head make half of his body
His thick skull makes him look forty
His bold head reflects the sun
And that make up hides the Shakazulu she is
When there is love no more
You hate your once sweetest.

-HIHM-

Do what you say, fulfill all your promises,
Break not my heart handle it with care.
For I have given it all to you give yours to me,
If you love me do not cheat on me.

Do not replace me with another,
Or compare me with those women on TV.
Be close to me when I need you around,
Strengthen me with your comforting words.
Do not just say you love but show that you do,
Make your words few,
for words won't cook the stew,
and make me chew.

If you love me,
Give me kids and raise them with me.
In good or bad,
When am old and in todays youth,
beside me every night be.
Sweet honey like that made by a bubble bee be
Warm my bed when its cold,
Be there when they cut the umbilical cord.
And when my body become cold,
Or when I myself uphold.
When my kisses clicks and when they are dumb,
when my face withers and skin folds.
when my back bends and voice cracks,
If you love me know
I am proud of you and me.

-HIMH-

********** I CARE FOR YOU **********16

I wake up before the cock crawls
I sleep after you start to dream
I see the sun rise before his smile
I cook for you and the children to eat
I eat after you have had enough
I care for you more than you care for yourself
I am your loving mother and wife
Listen you all of my womb, learn from me and
You will be responsible. Mirror me, you'll make prudent wives
I am your loving mother, I love you so much my dear husband
For you are mine and only let this be forever
Do not leave me when am old
Be with me after I have lost my vigor
I will be your loving wife forever..

-HIMH-

********** LOVE GROWS **********17

Love grows like a stream grows into a river
With hope the lovers wish to last forever
And be with their love the owner of their life as husband or wife
The one close to their heart
The last to think of before they sleep
The one that comes first the moment of their consciousness in the morning
Even far from their arms
Is clearly seen even in their day dreams
True love grows
Only the kind that brings hope for tomorrow
The feeling, The passion, The romance, Yes
The touching and the quenching of libido
All the smiles the kisses after the love
As everlasting as forever
True love grows from within your heart
But its fruits are seen from the out side
Love grows.

-HIMH-

I
Am
Part of
What you claim
To be poor or poorer
Perhaps the poorest of those
Who know or are told or made to believe
That they are when they are rich, rich with a lot Knowledge,
Culture, medicine, witchcraft, forest secrets, and seasonal messages
When they can cure what those who think are great or just having a mouth big
Cannot have a clue to who to call or how or what and where, but us yes you who brain
Wash, try to and make you go astray, you to believe every lie they alter, in school or on the alter
But you see? We are the flames of fire, let me hark back you of who and what we are from the beginning
The flames consume all that dare to dare in trice wind blow the ash water wash and forgotten be
Mercilessly their flames inflicts, to enemies pain, to the very end of their whole being
Living things and those unconscious don't have a chance of escaping the flames
Important or not strong or weak all fall by fate naturally we will you defeat
The flames consumes who so ever dares to dare here or there
Our weapon is great, greater than the greatest Greek
The will is tremendous than any else where
Fire nation is dark as night and but light
Its he's mighty and women pretty
Rich with love, respect, life
Culture pure as rain water
History kept by all
Mighty by nature
Flames of fire
Consume all
That dares
To dare
Here

-HIMH-

********** DEMOS'CRATOS **********19

On the edge of a cliff
Standing on my toes
My neck stretched a bit
Wide open eyes, Open to see
Afar, what my ear hears of
The rumors wild like fire
The tension and fear that's
Triggering the battle
A single spark in the a dry Chikangawa
And what a blaze in no time
It's the very reason why I
Am standing far away on a cliff
My neck stretched and wide open eyes
Open to watch you fight...

-HIMH-

********** WHO ARE YOU..? **********20

I dig the ground hard and plant I am a farmer
I make rough wood pleasant
Am a carpenter with a hammer
I stand at ease and attention in front
I am a soldier in my armor
I am a captain in a merchant
Sailing through canal Panama
Am a doctor my job significant
Attending to those in a comma
Am an artist I sing reggae I chant
On stage I do not stammer
I am a teacher I teach your infant
How to write well as did Austin Palmer
Am a pastor preaching the good news, God's servant
That heaven is real not just a rumor
I am a landlord retired; I survive on your rent

Life is hard but I have a sense of humor
Am called by all Mr. President
Every day every week current not former
I am a nurse, knows how I to cheer up a patient
Eyes affected by trachoma
Am a journalist I cover a deadly event
To keep you aware am your informer
He is a witchdoctor on a witch hunt
He is real or just a claimer
Am a comedian, doesn't mean my head is vacant
I make impossible jokes; I can joke of Osama
I can tease Mr. President who is important
But he knows it's just drama
Who are you now that you know who I am..?

-HIMH-

********** MY MAKER **********21

You are in me as I am in you
I am here ready for all
This is my time
Set by you
Long time ago
All this time
I was waiting for it
Now it is here
Pour your power
With hope and love
Trust and care
To conquer the enemy
And bring justice
To all these oppressed

-HIMH-

********** THE WHISTLING **********22

I hear you in the morning
In the trees backyard
Before I am awake
You sing a song so sweet
Praising the creator
For life given to you
A day added to your life
I get reminded of the same
Am alive after a deep sleep
I see fog through my window
Breathe the cold dear God's fresh air
Then bend my knees
For a gift given
That should be given again

-HIMH-

**********THE SUN AT DAWN**********23

The morning sun
Smiles and stretches its back
Wiping his face for him to see clear
Through the sky, his glance is despised for at
This point young still he is
He takes his tools in his farm works
Tirelessly tills time him heals
His land sprouts and fruits flourishes
The sun is overhead his rays scorches
And you hash and seek refuge under
A tree which throws its leaves away for
The sun is hot might dry die, you wonder how and why
How you may not be aware but why is to your knowledge take heed
The sun will rise..

-HIMH-

**********MY PEN **********24

It tells me what to write.
In a language new every time,
I wonder how I understand so many of his,
My pen tells me what to write.
Often times wrote ill notes
Erased many torn pages but,
I understands if your writing's good
It's a treaty to last it's filed in the safe
Your hand writing satisfying pleasing to the eyes
When you write all pages flip them full through
My pen speaks to me in a language what to write
When an empty book opens up or
When it needs an opening when it is full with words
Scribbled therein. My pen has an eraser at the back
It writes in the pleasing present pleasure with
The memories remain well written with my pen
No wonder the treaty it signs lasts a life time
White papers admire my pen
For poems and short stories, songs strange, sad and silly
Written on them daily brings to them warmth when it's chilly
Black papers fight to get my pen to write
Using it they get delight
Jealousy they become if a fellow dark paper,
Just once slyly smiles
My pen was given to me by my great grand parents
They knew of this No matter how skilled papers be
The pen still writes on them
On papers black or white or colored
Made in every corner of the globe
My pen writes on papers
The ink is enough Much for every book
For all the many pages it has
Be them thick, thin slippery soft
Long papers and short
Some ruled some plain without a margin
Some bounded, wildly printed papers
The scribbling sound when words writing

My pen writes on papers
My favorite is black paper
For I like using brighter ink
So it's seen clearly from far
For black is the best
Recommended by many who writes with their pens
It gets lighter as you unfold the pages
Flipping them provokes your writing skills
The pleasure for you to compose a song
On it write perhaps a poem ode to black book in your hands
Unfolding the pages is a duty you perform with zeal
For her pages are always different
The middle pages well-spaced its margin well placed
The pen writes like a dutiful cock that do skip not once a crawl
My pen.

-HIMH-

**********HUNGRY********** 25

Quiet alone on the lone
On the lone, on the lone
Thinking hard about no one
On the lone on the lone
Stirring still at anyone
On the lone on the lone
You came on with some corn
On the lone on the lone
Smile bright like the sun
On the lone on the lone
And I knew that my gun
On the lone on the lone
Story after story
On the lone on lone
Quietness more silence
On the lone on the lone
Smiles and accidental stares
On the lone on the lone
Waiting both reluctant to dare

On the lone on the lone
One mouthful of corn
On the lone on the lone
Two handful of the bawls
On the lone on the lone
The squeezing of the tea cups
On the lone on the lone
The stirring testing, stirring clicking
On the lone on the lone
And the freeze at the tea pot pour
On the lone on the lone
At the melt I was sure
On the lone on the lone
I was hungry hence some corn
On the lone on the lone

-Himh-

**********My Neighbor's Wife**********26

Morning mournings, what a sadness what sorrows
That visit next door every morning
I know there will be mourning on the morrow's morning
Loud I am not mistaken. She mourns for her loved one
She must be kind as kind as sheep or a nun
Amatyre to be admired.

He comes and goes
With a broken heart
She mourns and wails
Before He leaves
She needs him home
But he vacates so early
After her mourning

Her tears dry fast
No one notices her face
But I hear her mourn so loud
She has a loving heart
She is tender as a peach

No wonder at his words of leaving
His goodbye in the morning
Sees her loudly mourning
Why doesn't he stay?
In spite of her continued mourning

She tries to express her love to him
That he is needed at home
To once be the man of the house
But he goes anyway

At night he comes again
She starts crying soon
Perhaps because he left
And his inconsiderate heart
I am awaken when she starts
Mourning in the morning
Mourning for him not to leave
The house for once ever since
But he goes after her loud mourning

She is weary when I see her
She's my neighbor next door
A wall between our apartments
She mourns before he leaves the house.
Her lover comes at night only
He is tall sometimes
And taller than last I saw him in the shadows
His voice varies greatly
He is my neighbor's 'husband'
He comes at night and goes in the wee hours.

-Himh-

Funny human funny you
You and I alike we are
We breathe too but here you are
Thinking we are different from who you are
Funny human funny you

We have families like you too
Let's now see if your claim is true
We eat like you do
We both live this one life once not twice
You and me fart when our bellies are full
And have a bath in one water pool
We feel pain the experience make us both cry
Funny human funny you

Even if our ears be different from yours
It doesn't mean we should be foes
Look what a monkey has
Funny human funny you

-HIMH-

As fair as she was in,
Her splendor and pride.
Her smile brightened the surrounding
Her laughter tickled me
Her voice made me dream
Day dreaming thinking
Pondering, wanting
With passion the lady
Who was too beautiful for I
Her body perfect
Curved like a rainbows

In her presence my word was a mumble
Her hair fell over her shoulders
When she shook shyly her head to put it in place
Without touching it was a grace
A charm, loveliness
She must have had a prince for a lover
Perhaps a country man
If not then the, then business tycoon
of the East now citizen
For she is for that breed to be victimized by
My wanting her was just egotism
Because the heart is determined and unbounded
Me a pone her presence I brushed it off
The anxious and shock
I could not be, she could not want
The lady had a pickled heart
She dreamed and she tried
Every night her dreams were sodden
Every sleep my face she saw
Every blink every closing of her eyes
I was the prince she saw
Only if I knew how she felt
She wouldn't say, how could she?
The culture and traditions beliefs and customs
Deprived her of the chance to
A farmer came and she lives with him
After a waiting of two rains
Of frequent smiling at me
And inviting me to her house
To help her with a socket in her room
Or kill a rat under her bed
To fix her tap in her bathroom often times
To watch Romeo and Juliet a zillion times (the consummation scene)
But the lady was too much fair to like I
Just a plumber whose work is in
Septic tanks and broken sewers.
My job as filthy as it was paid well than farming
Yet the lady I never told anything
Now lives next door

With a farmer who came
And talked to her the very first day
When he went to sell her milk
The lady fancied no prince.

-himh-

********** GRADUANDS **********29

Magnificent suits Intellectual minds
Long gowns and worn wisdom hats
Everyone with hope filled in hearts
The day auspicious they graduands
They are not the same like you and me
They know more they are outfitted
To survive better in this hostile world
Courses and studies and reading books
Enormous books endless epic, editions
Desitations defending and the researching
They deserve a pat on the left shoulder
Then few beers after, a cider not a soda
Their hard work shall start to make losses
It shall pay them regret and depression
Not like before free access to all
Long ago when graduands were all assured
Before taking off the gown a job at hand found
Now things faced south long ago when all
You who are here smiling ear to ear
Had not even dreamed of what your first year
Would be like at college at your university
Come to the world our open hands welcome you
Do not die at the dawn on you of the reality
Access always diminish the quality
Look around in or beyond your community
How the literate are slaves in the society
Begging and borrowing from the illiterate and

Running and hiding and pleading
The graduand of that graduation
Who studied at that great university
Is no better than a goat herder of the community
He was sent to enlight civic educate
To be a role model to inspire
And motivate youths to admire
And value education and venture
Into it not to drop away
How then shall that be?
When his landlord is a chamba seller
When they get loans from the kabaza owner
His earnings are meager
His work is a burden, and terms a punishment
His employer a slave master
Promotions do not come but inspections
Resources are not there but results are needed
I wonder how I wonder when
They shall learn of the reality
The graduands of this day.

-Himh-

***** EIGHTEEN HUNDREDS AND BEFORE (The lost glory of a rich nation) ******** 30

We were one once, all of us, than now. Long ago in the eighteen hundreds and before.

When black was our pride and white for ghosts and we learned. Of whom we are from our people in our own ways.

When it took the society to raise a child and not the school and the nanny or the television. We were one once, all of us than now.

Stronger is a bundle of weak reeds, like we had been without barracks and soldiers bearing guns! When our religion was different but together still danced and ate and battered.

My people were kind and loving and caring. Strangers came to a village hungry and went full. Life was precious our culture rich, taught us so and still does.

But our mind is captured and placed in a vacuum. Our head has no eyes and our body wonders anyhow. It lost its light, doesn't see the beauty of the savanna grass land.

The value of the Nile and the pride in Mount Kilimanjalo. The mighty roar of the fall in Zimbabwe. That lost its real name to a foreign Queen. We were one once, all of us than now.

When we have cell phones and computers and Wi-Fi. We fail to know our neighbor one yard away. Yet we walked on our two's to see our relatives in *'Sozibele'* (Salisbury) from Nyasaland.

When our skin was just black and black was not *'dark'*. We did not know the color chart of the strange folks.

Who emerged from the great lakes and taught us. Many great things that have made us minors. Numerous good virtues that have made bad our people.

And advancements that have delayed our progress. All this because of our ubuntu. Our kindness, our love for humanity. Blame not anyone but ourselves.

We allowed them to come from East, West and where ever. We give them our children to teach and our land and our lives.

Why they came and still come we do not care or dare ask. We fail to unite our divided one piece of land. Because of boarders which are not there but in our heads.

We agree and nod our heads. When we are told Gaddafi and Mugabe are dictators. And we protest against our true leaders. Then smile at those chosen for us to be our heroes.

Hasn't our generosity brought all this on us? Should we have it? Do we need it? Among ourselves yes. Share like before care like you did.

To the pigs mud and rubbish. For that's what you got after your kindness.

-Himh-